

POWERS

THE LEGENDS

ISSUE ONE

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PAGE 1-

Three equal sized widescreen panels. Similar images to page one of volume one.

1- Ext. City- late day

The sky line of our nameless city. Silhouette towers pierce a gray blue night sky. No flying figures in the sky. Its dull grey, hazy day.

It looks like Portland in the fall. Lifeless.

2- Ext. Street- Same

As if the camera panned down to reveal this typical looking downtown intersection. Not street level. About two stories up.

A indiscriminate block of buildings. Each has its own distinct characters.

People mill about. A peeling FG-3 poster that's faded from two years of weather beating.

Ken- this is a perfect place for you to start introducing as much city type work as you want.

Fill the streets with type and signage. But do remember that Sony will own anything you put in here so do not put in anything copyrighted or anything you have invested interest in.

3- Ext. Alley- Same

Panning down. Street level.

Wide of the street. A live crime scene. The alleyway is taped off. a dozen civilians have gathered, blocking our view of what is inside.

In the foreground, Police cars, emergency vehicles. Yellow police tape is up keeping the casual smattering of a crowd at bay.

A couple of news vans are parked as close as they can get. Cops mill about. This has been going on for quite a while.

In the foreground right, a nondescript white car has made its way to the front of the scene.

Page 2- 3

Double page spread

4 widescreen panels hugging the left top of the spread.

The crime scene is the biggest panel on the spread and it takes up the entire background as well- bleeding behind the other panels.

The rest of the panels hug the right bottom.

1- The white car has stopped dead-center of the panel. Getting out of the car is detective Kutter.

Kutter looks like the star of the book. Swagger and a cocky eye brow.

He is looking around the scene as he talks on the phone. He is eyeballing the crowd and some of them are eyeballing him.

KUTTER

This is Kutter.

Yeah, hi honey.

No.

2- Same, we follow Kutter as he walks to the crime scene. He is checking out the crowd and talking to his girlfriend on the phone.

He clearly doesn't like this girlfriend of his.

KUTTER

No.

No- What? No. I can't.

I'm working. I just took a call.

No. I took a call.

That's not how it works. It's my call.

3- Kutter is at the police tape that's being held up for him by the guarding uniform officer.

Kutter is still eyeballing the crowd but annoyed at his self centered girlfriend.

Behind him is the dank, dark ally crime scene with the coroner and his assistant working. We can't see them yet. The alley is dipped in thick late day shadow.

KUTTER

How ever long it takes. Do we have plans tonight?

Then why are you- ?

Well, we'll talk about it later.

Because I'm working. I'm working- yes, right now.

Yes, I am. Yes, what?

4- Low looking up, Kutter turns around and looks down at the crime scene.

KUTTER

Hold on.

5- Big, big, big panel, bleeding into the background of the spread.

Slightly high looking down from over Kutter's shoulder the murder scene. Wide of the alley.

A huge brick shit house of an oaf, in wifebeater T-shirt and black pants lies dead on the wet ground.

A cross between the Goon, Tony Soprano, and the evil henchman from the Rocketeer. Just a big guy with a dude cap, and a white, now filthy t shirt.

He lies on his back, dead to the world. Just gone.

The coroner is taking a measurement. But the body hasn't been moved.

This is a filthy, disgusting shit house of an alley. Garbage cans. a dumpster. Graffiti on the walls- not kaotic chic.

6- The dead guy's face in profile, silhouette in the foreground, as Kutter squats down and looks at him with a cop eye.

He has his phone on his shoulder and he is puling on his rubber gloves.

KUTTER

Well, do you want to talk to the dead body?

No? No? Ok. Hold on.

7- Same, Kutter actually hands the phone to the corpse and dryly goes through his obnoxious routine.

KUTTER

My girlfriend wants to talk to you.

She thinks I'm using my job to avoid her.

8- Same, Kutter snarls into his phone and hangs it up.

KUTTER

He says you're crazy and he doesn't want to talk to you.

Ok, I gotta go.

Take a Valium.

Spx: boop

KUTTER

Take five.

Page 4-

1- From behind Kutter, the coroner is already handing him the baggy encased wallet that is open to his ID.

CORONER  
You really know how to charm the ladies,  
Kutter.

KUTTER  
I swear to god, doctor, if I could find one  
worth charming. Charming I would be.

Who'se the palooka?

CORONER  
Says James Claremont.

2- Kutter is examining the wallet in the baggie, but cocks an eyebrow towards the off panel coroner.

KUTTER  
How'd he die?

CORONER  
Dunno.

KUTTER  
Don't be so technical.

3- The coroner knows exactly how shocking what he is saying is.

CORONER  
Guys skin doesn't break. He is- was- at  
least a level seven.

4- Same as 2, Kutter caught a big case.

KUTTER  
Powers.

5- The coroner lifts the wrist and hand of the dead body, it takes both hands. The guy is very heavy.

CORONER  
Yeah.  
Guy must weigh a thousand pounds.

6- From behind the coroner, low looking up. Kutter looks at his face. Looking to recognize him. Kutter's mouth hanging open a bit.

KUTTER

Really.

CORONER

At least.

KUTTER

He in the registry?

CORONER

Not under that name.

7- Kutter's p.o.v. Of the Claremont's dead face.

KUTTER

Really.

You think he's a natural? Or you think he tweaked himself?

CORONER

Can't say 'til I get him under the lamp.

Even then...

Page 5-

1- Alley entrance-

In the foreground, off to the side of the alley- The guy who runs a nearby newsstand is being interviewed by a Lois lane type reporter that we will eventually introduce into the series.

We imagine that the vendor is really putting on a show for the local news.

In the background, Kutter is up on his feet and talking to the officer at the tape.

Kutter very aware that he is being taped by the networks and very aware that they want to interview him. He is making them wait.

KUTTER

Officer.

OFFICER PITT

Yeah, uh, Detective Kutter...

Ok, so, I talked to that guy over there- runs the newsstand.

Said he didn't see nothing.

KUTTER

Anything.

OFFICER PITT

Said he heard a lot of yelling and a couple of crashes which I assume was the garbage cans...

2- Two shot of the young officer and Kutter. Kutter is giving the young officer a Clint Eastwood snake eye. The officer is watching the crowd.

OFFICER PITT

And then he says he saw a flash of blue and then nothing.

KUTTER

Flash of blue?

OFFICER PITT

Yeah.

KUTTER

I thought he said he didn't see anything.

3- The dim witted officer is amazed he didn't put that together himself, but Kutter has already moved on. The officer is at a loss for words.

Kutter grabs the police videographer and gives him his order. Pointing to the sky.

OFFICER PITT

I uh- I-

KUTTER

(to the photographer)

Do the crowd. And take some aerals.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Aerials?

KUTTER

Yeah. Y'know... hit the rooftops and the sky. See if anyone is floating around.

4- The photographer is confused by the order. Kutter is already turning back to the alley.

PHOTOGRAPHER

But that's illegal. Using powers is illegal.

KUTTER

Hey, yeah? So is murder, champ.

(In fact, its one of the top ten.)

5- From behind the head and shoulder's of the dead body looking up and wide of the alley. Kutter stands at the entrance, hands on his hips.

KUTTER

Ok, Herr doctor, lets get the thousand pound palooka out of here and down to your evil laboratory.

See if we can't-



6- Tight on Kutter. He is looking down at the body. Something catches his eye.

7- Kutter's p.o.v. The thick hand of the dead guy moves. His finger twitches.

8- Same as 6 but tighter. Kutter squints. Could that be real?

KUTTER

Uh-

Page 6- 7

Double page spread

1- Big panel across both pages. Half page down. Profile of the alley.

Claremont's huge frame sits up in a bit of a bolt. Like something scared him Awake. He is instantly confused.

The coroner jumps out of his skin. Everyone jumps out of their skin. The dead has risen.

CORONER

Aaagghh!!

2- From over Kutter's shoulder, looking down, Claremont sits there wobbly, holding his head. Immediately annoyed.

CLAREMONT

Fuck...

3- Kutter is open mouthed shocked, holding the wall a bit to steady himself.

KUTTER

Fuck!

4- Claremont looks around. He has no idea where he is or what is going on.

CLAREMONT

The fuck are you?

5- Same as 3. This is the first time these words have ever been said out loud.

KUTTER

I'm the homicide detective investigating your murder.

6- Claremont is confused and disoriented. He Thinks his nose is bleeding but it isn't. The coroner has clearly shit his pants.

KUTTER

You, uh, you want to tell me why you haven't registered your powers, Mr. Claremont?

7- Claremont sneers at the ground. He knows he is pinched.

CLAREMONT

Fuck.

8- Kutter stands and blocks the alleyway entrance. Kutter is in control.

KUTTER

Yes.

9- Claremont feels like a trapped rat. Eyes darting, trying to think of something.

CLAREMONT

Fuck.

10- Same as 8. Kutter cocks a cocky eyebrow.

KUTTER

You understand you have the right to remain silent-

11- Kutter's p.o.v. Claremont holds out his hand casually and growls.

CLAREMONT

Shut up for a second.

Page 8- 9

Double page spread

All page tall panels. The Same panel. A slow motion split second across two pages.

1- Tight on Kutter. Looking down at Claremont, off panel. Kutter looks wide-eyed but confused.

2- Same, but it appears to be a wider shot, as if the camera pulls back, but really, it is Kutter's head moving back without his body.

3- Same, but now we see that Kutter's head is off his body. His decapitated head, with the Same look on its face, pushes backwards and out of the alley.

4- Same but Kutter's head is, with the Same look on its face, flying backwards. It has cleared the alley entrance and is up in the air over the sidewalk.

5- Same but Kutter's head, now twenty feet away is about to arc down. The beginning of the decent.

In the foreground, Kutter's shoulder's peaks into the shot.

6- Same, as the head starts to arc down, a geyser of blood explodes up in the foreground. Up in the air right out of the open neck wound.

7- Same, the blood flow spurts one last time as the shoulder's fall backwards.

In the background, the head is falling and the first person outside the alley sees it.

Page 10- 11

Double page spread

1- Int. Deena's apartment/ bedroom- morning

Tight on Deena's shitty little TV screen.

A news report viciously reporting the grim news. Amateur video footage of Kutter's head popping into the air.

A wide profile shot of the street. The Same event as last page. From inside the crowd at the crime scene looking wide of the street, as Kutter's little head flies backwards through the air.

Its poorly framed which makes it all the more grim and oddly humorous.

TV REPORTER

17th police officer felled in the line of  
duty in under two months.

As this exclusive footage shows...

2- Widescreen. From behind the TV looking wide of the small bedroom.

Deena is lying on the bed, on her stomach, in just a little T-shirt, no pants or panties. She is watching the news with the appropriate seriousness.

Behind her, sitting up against the pillows and eating a bowl of cereal is her boyfriend. He wears no shirt and has a bit of a gut. He has let himself go a bit.

They are sick of each other. Being home all day has not helped her life.

The room is not very well furnished. She has silk scarves hanging off of things in leu of actual nice things.

TV REPORTER

The alleged attacker is still at large.

This powers related incident is only the most recent tragedy to-

DEENA PILGRIM

Died on TV.

BOYFRIEND

D'ja know him?

DEENA PILGRIM

Yeah. He's an asshole.

3- The boyfriend digs into his bowl. Surprised that this is a tense subject.

BOYFRIEND

You don't have to go back, you know.

Deena?

4- Deena is ready to dump him. The fact that he would bring this up entirely offends her.

DEENA PILGRIM

I know.

5- Same as 3.

BOYFRIEND

Do you?

6- Deena turns back and looks at him with a look that says: shut the fuck up.

7- Front on the bed. Deena goes back to the TV and stews. He talks to the back of her head. He really doesn't want her to go back. She really doesn't care.

BOYFRIEND

I don't understand why you would.

DEENA PILGRIM

I know.

BOYFRIEND

What? Its a 'cop thing?' One of those things only a cop would understand?

8- Same. The conversation is over.

9- TV screen. Same as one, Kutter's head goes flying.

10- Same as 8.

BOYFRIEND

Tsk, they gonna show it again?

DEENA PILGRIM

Over and over til the tape breaks.

11- Same as 9, but tighter.

13- Same as 10.

BOYFRIEND

Its disgusting.

DEENA PILGRIM

Welcome to the world.

Page 12-

Four TV screens down the left side- leaving room for type on the right.  
White type on black.

This is a editorial comment on the local eleven o clock news.

All swear words beeped out but so you can see what it says.

1- TV screen- A local newscaster speaks to the reader, behind him a:  
YOUR OPINION COUNTS logo.

This is the part of the broadcast where they let a local citizen read a statement.

TV ANCHOR

And 'On Your Opinion Counts'- a local area woman discusses her feelings about the growing tensions in our city.

2- TV screen- a chubby woman in Wal Mart chic nervously talks to the viewer as she tries to eloquently speak her mind.

But she is angry. She is the voice of the people. Her anger grows with the piece.

The scroll below her reads: Diana Finch

WOMAN

Thing is I do not care about any of it. The powers. The president. I don't.

All I know is that my life has turned to complete and utter shit this year by no fault of my own.

I mean, I have had to move three times because of powers trashing my neighborhood.

All these idiots fighting with each other over god knows what.

3- Same but she gesticulates as she gets angrier and angrier. She can't find the words.

WOMAN

I don't have any money- I can't afford this.

And the guy I work for is having trouble writing me my check because his business is so bad.

I don't want this. I want my life back like it was.

I know I'm not the only one who has said this... but when are fucking idiot president made powers illegal, what did he think was going to happen, huh?

4- Same but she gesticulates as she gets angrier and angrier.

WOMAN

Because all that's happened is, like, All the legitimate powers...

You know the good guys-

The ones who cared what the fuck the president would say...

Yeah, all- all of the good guys went away.

They obeyed the law and left!!!

Page 13-

1- Same but she gesticulates as she gets angrier and angrier.

WOMAN

And all the powers that like, never obeyed the law in the first place...

You know, the bad guys...

They all ignored the president and now they're having a big, ol' party and I'm like- fucked!!

Fucked is what I am.

And what can I do about it? What can any of us do about it?

2- Same but she gesticulates as she gets angrier and angrier.

WOMAN

What? In, like, in three years I get to vote the president out of office...

Maybe...



And hope the next guy reverses it all or something.

I mean, come on!

I need help now!

3- Same but she gesticulates as she gets angrier and angrier. Her

WOMAN

We need help. I could die today. Really!  
This is really a concern.

Some fuckhead with laser beam eyes  
could come into the market I work at and  
there's nothing stopping him from just  
whatever!!

Fuck!

Where's my Jesus?? Where's my John  
Lennon? Where's my Retro Girl?

4- Same, but She is crying and weaving the camera off of her.

WOMAN

We need someone to do something and  
fast!

Because this is really bad, man.

Page 14-

All Widescreen panels.

This is a visual riff on issue 1, page 18. The introduction of Deena  
page. Its the exact Same page but finer and more updated.

This is Deena's first day all over again.

The shot eventually pulls out to a wide shot of the captain's office. The captain listens intently.

1- The captain is off panel. Deena looks around as she talks. Just like she did in issue one.

DEENA PILGRIM  
It's like my first day all over again.

CAPTAIN  
Sorry I had to call you back like this,  
Pilgrim.

DEENA PILGRIM  
I was coming back anyhow.

CAPTAIN  
Yeah, but not like this.

2- Same but pulling wider as Deena looks around,

CAPTAIN  
Thing is I need more detectives than I  
have now.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Shame about Kutter. He was an asshole...

CAPTAIN  
...But a good detective.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Sincerely. Any leads?

CAPTAIN  
Not till you find them. Its you and  
Walker's case. He's already working it.

3- Same but wider. Deena perks up, maybe a little nervous to work with Walker again.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Is he here?

CAPTAIN  
Walker?

DEENA PILGRIM

Yeah.

CAPTAIN

Dunno.

DEENA PILGRIM

Haven't talked to him in a while. Don't know if you knew-

CAPTAIN

Thought you two were in touch.

DEENA PILGRIM

We were, but, you know...

CAPTAIN

You guys ok?

4- Deena shrugs. She really doesn't know. She has mixed feelings about the whole damn thing.

DEENA PILGRIM

We are who we are. We'll close the case.

CAPTAIN

You feel ready to get back out there?

DEENA PILGRIM

What if I say no?

CAPTAIN

Are you not ready?

DEENA PILGRIM

Wasn't sure. Really...

But I read this thing in the paper- you read this? Dude says that Retro Girl was sending him secret messages.

5- Deena rubs her hands together as she talks.

CAPTAIN

From the dead?

DEENA PILGRIM

No... better.

Through her hair dos.

CAPTAIN

What is this?

DEENA PILGRIM

Guy - Japanese guy- said that every time he saw Retro Girl in the news- her hair was different...

...and that she was sending his secret signals through the haircuts.

CAPTAIN

She's been dead for years.

Page 15-

1- Same but wider, now from behind the head and shoulders of the captain looking wide of the office.

DEENA PILGRIM

Yeah, it was my first case.

But that fact didn't stop this particular asshole from killing three whores with a hammer because he thought Retro Girl told him to.

You know... through her hair.

CAPTAIN

Jesus.

DEENA PILGRIM

Yeah. So I read that and I was like, its  
totally time for me to get back to work.

2- Same, Walker sticks his head and shoulders in the room. Surprised  
to see Deena.

WALKER

Captain, what's the protocol for a- oh,  
Hey...

DEENA PILGRIM

Hey yourself.

3- Same, Walker is speechless. Deena lets it hang there, unsure of  
what it means.

4- Same.

DEENA PILGRIM

You ok?

WALKER

I didn't know you were coming in.

DEENA PILGRIM

I'm on the job.

WALKER

You are?

CAPTAIN

With you.

WALKER

Huh.

5- Same, but Deena isn't exactly sure what Walker's attitude is- Or  
even if it is an attitude.

Its just like the first day but odder because now they know each other.

DEENA PILGRIM

Yeah.

WALKER  
You ready?

DEENA PILGRIM  
You?

WALKER  
Lets go.

Page 16- 17

Double page spread

1- Ext. City- late day

Big panel across both pages. Walker's 57 Chevy tears right towards us in some kick ass perspective.

Everything around them is normal city by day, people come and go. But not a superhero can be found.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Finally!! you get decent wheels.

WALKER  
I did?

DEENA PILGRIM  
You don't even know the difference, do you?

WALKER  
There's a lot of things I do know... so it evens out.

2- As if the camera were sitting on the hood looking at a two shot of Deena and Walker.

They are still trying to find each other, it has been a while. This is like an awkward first date.

Neither make eye contact, Walker's eyes on the road, Deena looking up and around. Almost as if she is asking for superheroes.

DEENA PILGRIM  
So the world's gone to hell.

WALKER  
In a way...

DEENA PILGRIM  
In a way?

WALKER  
In a big way.

DEENA PILGRIM  
No powers allowed and it all goes to hell.

WALKER  
Yep.

3- Same. Deena looks to Walker, confused, he looks to her as well. They are not communicating.

DEENA PILGRIM  
No heroes, lots of villains.

WALKER  
If you want to put labels on things.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Are you fucking with me?

WALKER  
A little.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Why?

WALKER  
I just assumed you were going to fuck with me, so I just started.

4- Same, Deena is genuinely insulted. Walker is wincing at his own social ineptitude.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Well, I wasn't.

WALKER

Ok.

5- Same. Deena looks sincerely hurt. Walker wants out of this conversation. She looks at him. He looks straight at us.

DEENA PILGRIM

You thought I was fucking with you?

WALKER

I thought you were going to.

DEENA PILGRIM

I wasn't.

WALKER

Ok. So, uh, yeah.

Like you see on the news. The streets are a mess. They just are.

And we're getting our asses handed to us.

Kutter was just the latest. We're the cities protection and, sincerely, we have nothing.

6- Same, they are back in each others groove, she is looking around.

DEENA PILGRIM

Half of me-

I can't help but think this is kind of our fault. Kinda.



Double page spread

1- From the backseat looking at a mostly silhouette shot of Walker he genuinely doesn't understand her.

WALKER  
How is it our fault?

2- From the backseat looking at a mostly silhouette shot of Deena. She's being very sincere. Unusually honest and vulnerable.

DEENA PILGRIM  
I said kinda.

We were there right at the center of the  
shit storm.

When the guy went nuts. It was our case  
and-

And, you know...

We didn't-

3- Same as 1.

WALKER  
But we didn't create the shit storm.

4- Same as 2.

DEENA PILGRIM  
No, I know.

5- Same as 1.

WALKER  
A power levels half the world cause he  
went ape shit insane-

6- Same as 2. Deena shrugs. She knows it was a flimsy premise, but she had to say it.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Yeah...

7- Same as 1, Walker goes back to driving.

WALKER  
We didn't drive him insane- we didn't tell  
him to destroy the world.

8- Same as 2, Deena rolls her eyes,

DEENA PILGRIM  
I know.

9- Same as 1.

WALKER  
First rule of the gig, if ever there was  
one...

Its not our fault bad shit happens.

10- Same as 8. Deena does agree with this.

DEENA PILGRIM  
I know.

11- Same as 9 Walker gestures.

WALKER  
Bad people do bad shit.

We do what we can, but end of the day...

12- Same, Deena doesn't say anything.

13- Walker looks at her.

14- Same as 12.

15- Same as 13.

WALKER  
I wasn't yelling at you.

16- Deena looks back. She does know.

DEENA PILGRIM  
I know.

17- Same as 15.

WALKER

I wasn't.

18- Deena waves him.

DEENA PILGRIM

No, I know, and you're right...

Its just- that was fucked up what happened...

I mean, it fucked up my whole life. Profoundly.

19- Walker is sincere.

WALKER

I know.

Wasn't your fault.

20- Deena doesn't answer, she clearly thinks it might have been,

21- Walker looks at her.

22- Same as 20.

DEENA PILGRIM

So, ok, yeah.

So just, uh...

...give me the lay of the land.

Page 20- 21

Double page spread

Page tall panels. Flashbacks.

Idealized versions of our new cast of villains, mixtures of old school Murder inc. Style gangsters and Romita Sr. style super villains.

A long black bar separates the tall panels for type. The type reads like a screenplay or a play. With the names before the type just like it reads here.

1- Int. Bar back room- night

The bug. a cross between Bullseye and the blue beetle. Yeah, you heard me.

A real piece of shit, a real lunatic. He is leaning forward on a pool table and showing a dozen silhouette people a severed bloody forearm. He has blood on his crazed face.

He is showing off making a name for himself with this crazy act.

The rest of the dead guy is on the table. A more colorful superhero dead, bruised and swimming in a pool of his own blood.

There is a logo. An old school pulp style logo that reads: THE BUG

WALKER

Ah, well...

Its not just that we have a bunch of fucks  
with powers running around being  
assholes

And no descent powers to keep them in  
line....

Its that they're fighting with each other.

DEENA PILGRIM

Big super villain turf war.

WALKER

Exactly. Basically we have three families.

DEENA PILGRIM

Families?

WALKER

Gangs, syndicates, They got to calling  
themselves families, so...

One led by The Bug.

DEENA PILGRIM

No.

WALKER

Yes.

DEENA PILGRIM

That guy?

WALKER

Yeah.

DEENA PILGRIM

I know him. I pinched him when I was working vice. Guys a low rent piece of-

WALKER

No, yeah, He's A fucking asshole. And now-

DEENA PILGRIM

And now he's got a crew? How does that happen exactly?

WALKER

He's stepped up in the world.

There was this guy Orlando. Guy could spin this color stuff out of his fingers or something... just got out of the bin for a B and E.

They got into it- in public- Orlando and the bug.

(This was down at Chaykin's on the square.)

Rumor is- word is that the bug beat Orlando to death and right there- Right in front of everybody- he ate the guy.

DEENA PILGRIM

What?

WALKER

Or part of the guy.

Don't know.

Scared the shit out of half the city,  
impressed the shit out of the other half.

He got a lot of people in line- this bug.  
Guy stepped up. Ate a guy.

DEENA PILGRIM

That'll do it. And that's...?

WALKER

The north side.

2- Int. Casino blackjack table- night

From behind a blackjack dealer. The luck.

Think Danny Devito if he were the kingpin. He sits at a high stakes  
blackjack table with just a big sloppy slut on each arm and a big cigar  
in his mouth. A ton of chips in front of him.

He is having a great time.

There is a logo. An old school pulp style logo that reads: THE LUCK

WALKER

West side is being held together by a  
weasel sometimes goes by the name of  
The Luck.

DEENA PILGRIM

Don't know who that is.

WALKER

Chuck Cleese.

Low grade psyche can turn the tides on  
anything. Makes things lean his way.

He's got more cash than the others.

He seems a little smarter. Least he thinks  
he is.

Definitely has the kind of power a guy  
with aspirations would want.

But the guy went and held open  
auditions for assassins. Brought a lot of  
unwants into the city.

Dozens of unregistered powers sliding in  
under the radar- looking for a stake.  
Really fucked things for us.

DEENA PILGRIM

And the third...?

3- Ext. Rooftop- night

The lance, a skinny Jewish guy in a very handsome suit is stabbing two  
people in the chest with arms made of metal spikes.

The lance is killing two people with his metal powers in a pose that  
looks like he pulled out two guns. Holding them at waist level and  
firing. But instead of bullets its golden shiny spikes.

The lance has a few goons behind him. Including Claremont from  
earlier in the issue, but the focus is on the laughing body on the lance.

There is a logo. An old school pulp style logo that reads: THE LANCE

WALKER

Yeah, Myer, The Lance.

He's running the mostly Jewish mob on  
the east side.

Guys old school. Mario Puzo head to toe.

Guy sends people animal parts and  
human testicles in jars.

DEENA PILGRIM

They do make a nice paperweights.

WALKER

Myer's been at it for a long time, but  
Johnny Royale kept him down for a lot of  
years.

So, now with Royale, well you know...  
Now Myer's going full blast.

And his guys are the bloodiest. They do not fuck around.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Bloodier than a guy who eats another  
guy just to be a bad ass?

WALKER  
Well, Yeah.

We have more names in red over The  
Lance, but good luck proving it.

DEENA PILGRIM  
And they're all fighting with each other.

WALKER  
Welcome to the world.

Page 22-

1- Ext. Street- late day

Street level looking wide. Walker's car has pulled up to a corner curb.  
Everything about the street is normal if not a bit decrepit.

There are a few people walking by, but a lot of homeless.

They are parked across the street from a shit hole of a hotel. a  
residence hotel.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Over?

WALKER  
Over...?

DEENA PILGRIM  
What are they fighting over?

WALKER



Who gets the south side.

DEENA PILGRIM  
That's- that's us. We're the-

WALKER  
Exactly.

2- Mid wide of the car. Deena and Walker get out of the car. Talking to each other.

Deena is appropriately bummed out over this frustrating information. Walker closing his door and headed for the trunk.

DEENA PILGRIM  
And they all have powers.

WALKER  
Most.

DEENA PILGRIM  
So lets pinch them just for that.

WALKER  
Its not illegal to have powers, its illegal to use powers.

We can't pick them up unless we can prove they used their powers, and even then its our burden of proof.

Its a big legal clusterfuck.

DEENA PILGRIM  
But what isn't.

3- From inside the trunk looking up. The pulp fiction shot. Walker and Deena continue the conversation as Walker opens the trunk.

DEENA PILGRIM  
And Kutter-

WALKER  
Best guess? Caught in the cross fire. Like all the others.

Officer at the scene said it was all routine. Except the guy woke up.

Thing is- These assholes don't even consider us cops a threat.

We're beside they're point.

4- Walker hands Deena a bullet proof vest. But its really a little more than that. She looks annoyed that she has to put it on. She has a little one. He has a big one.

WALKER

And they're right.

We don't have the budget. We don't have the tech. We don't have the man power.

The Feds are frozen stiff since the Supershock fiasco. Just castrated.

DEENA PILGRIM

So we...?

WALKER

We do what we can.

Truth told, maybe we were too damn dependant on them.

DEENA PILGRIM

Them?

WALKER

The powers- maybe we counted on them too much to bail us out.

5- Deena puts on the vest and looks at Walker with a cross eye.

DEENA PILGRIM

Them?

6- Walker puts on his vest, adjusting the strap and not looking. Behind him we can see the street in perspective.

WALKER

What?

7- Deena cocks and eyebrow as she straps in her jacket.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Us? Now its 'them and us?'

You used to be one of them before you  
became one of us.

8- From behind Deena, Walker looks at her, in the far distance four cop cars are coming right for them.

WALKER  
What do you want me to say?

DEENA PILGRIM  
Just saying, I never heard you do an 'us  
and them.'

WALKER  
Check your gun.

DEENA PILGRIM  
Where are we now?

Page 23-

1- Deena and Walker check their weapons, in the background, across the street. The hotel frames the shot. There is a red bug car parked illegally.

WALKER  
This hotel- this Claremont guy who took  
Kutter's head...

This is the last place he used a credit  
card.

DEENA PILGRIM  
And he was dead, this guy... but not  
really?

WALKER  
First thing I'm going to ask him.

2- The cop cars have pulled up all around Walker's car, Officer Pitts steps out. The cops are scurrying about in formation. No one is fucking around.

Walker is the primary, m everyone takes orders from him.

OFFICER PITT

Walker.

WALKER

Officer, men on the back. Men on the side alleys. Everyone on walkie talkie.

We'll go in the front.

OFFICER PITT

Gevalt! This is one shit neighborhood.

3- Deena, gun down is about to trot across the street with Walker and the young officer, but Walker stops and hands her a cube from the trunk. Everyone determined.

DEENA PILGRIM

I live three blocks that way.

OFFICER PITT

Then you know.

DEENA PILGRIM

So when we go in-?

WALKER

Take this.

4- Deena looks at the dark green cube like its a turd. Walker wants to go. The officer waiting for their lead.

DEENA PILGRIM

What- is this a dampener? A lil' baby power dampener

WALKER

Portable. Its all the rage.

OFFICER PITT

Barely works.

5- They all jot across the street. Ready to go to work. Guns down. Cops scampering to their respective places.

WALKER

But its something. Turn it on at the bottom. If he's a six or less than we're good.

OFFICER PITT

He's not even here. He's skipped town.

WALKER

If he's smart.

DEENA PILGRIM

Well, I feel-

6- Spx: boom

7- High looking down. The cops look up.

Glass and debris is falling and they cover their eyes from danger. But they have to see what did this.

Page 24-

1- Low looking up. Five stories up. Claremont stands in a window of the hotel that he just blew out.

He looks like he was napping. He looks more annoyed than angry.

CLAREMONT

God damn it.

2- Claremont holds out his hands in the same way he did earlier in the issue.

3- From behind Deena, Walker, and the officer, Claremont blows up the car right in front of Deena and Walker.

Not a fireball. An impact explosion.

The three cops go flying off their feet in every direction, Deena comes right for us.

Spx: faboom.

4- Wide of the street. The cops are shocked and scattering.

Walker hits the pavement in the middle of the street but Deena goes flying across the street. She is blown right off her feet and into the air. She is upside down and backwards.

5- Deena smashes head and shoulders first into a dress custom tailer store front window. She doesn't drop her gun.

She crashes into some vintage wedding gowns on manikins.

Glass reads: Gail's custom tailor

Spx: smash

Page 25-

1- Int. Store- Same

Deena has landed on her back. Hard. Manikins knocked over. Glass and mess. Her nose bleeding. Her lip cut. She has glass in her hair.

DEENA PILGRIM

Agh!

2- Deena gets up and looks out the broken plate window of the dress shoppe.

Walker has scampered behind a telephone pole. Other cops are hiding and ready to fire.

Walker has his gun. His arm and face are bleeding. The other officer lies in the street, probably dead. Other civilians are running for their lives.

Walker's car is up on a curb.

WALKER  
Pilgrim?!!

DEENA PILGRIM  
So glad I wore the fucking jacket!!

Ow.

3- Claremont's p.o.v. High looking down of the street, Walker is behind a poll but we can't see anything but his shoulder.

Smoke billows from the explosion down below.

WALKER  
James Claremont!!

You're under arrest for the murder of-

4- Claremont is in the window. Just rolling his eyes.

CLAREMONT  
How many of you pigs I gotta pop before  
I can get me a decent sleep!!

Fuck off or I'll fry the fuckload of you!!

5- Walker holds up his gun. Walker will end this.

WALKER  
Hands over your head!!

6- Claremont holds up his hands. About to do to Walker what he did to Kutter.

CLAREMONT  
Fuck you.

7- Mid wide of the street. All the cops fire up at Claremont. They all fire.

Spx: bam bam bam bam bam

Page 26-

1- The bullets hit Claremont, but all they do is annoy him. They go right through with no effect.

Spx: spack spack

CLAREMONT  
Fucking assholes, cut it out.

2- Claremont sees something off panel. A light distracts him.

CLAREMONT  
Fuck is that?

3- Walker turns and looks up and around to see what Claremont sees.

4- From the window pane, Deena turns her head up and around to see as well.

5- Some of the cops turn up to the sky to see...

6- Same as 3, but tighter on Walker. His face drops.

Page 27-

Full page spread

High looking down of the street/ crime scene. In the foreground, the booted feet of RETRO GIRL hang- floating in the air. Just a hint of cape.

Below her Walker, Deena, the cops, and Claremont are all frozen in shock.

The blown car and smoldering chaos beneath her.

The heroes have returned?

Retro Girl has returned?



To be continued...